Els Private Quarters in Most Street Shared by a Christian Sunday School-Consulting the God About a Laundry Venture-The Public and Rather (beap Joss of Chat-ham Square-What a Good Jose Costs.

The spectacle of Christian church services oing on in one end of a moderately sized touble room and pagan rites in honor of a heathen idol in the other end is one of the odd features which New York's cosmopolitan life presents. Both services are conducted with great earnestness. The Christians sing hymns and pray, and their preacher takes his text from the Bible, and teaches Christ and Him erucified. The pagans ten feet away bow down before a gorgeously gilded shrine. and make their prayers to a very hideous nd pudgy god, painted on rice paper, and by fferings of wine and grange poel and other blestial delicacies before,him. They likewise irn innumberable incense tapers before him d candles of scented wax, and they ask his nion with reverent solemnity before they dertake any important step. Both congre lons are in entire and friendly secord, and on with their respective rites with courtsw this curious spectacle would have imed our respectable Puritan ancestors it is ot difficult to guess, and any one who wants to see how it affects him individually can do so on almost any Sunday by calling around at 18 lott street.

Yet before going there it is just as well to have a "pull" with some Chinaman of influonce among his people. Wong Chin Foo is a ood man to see. The Chinamen like Wong Ohin Foo, because he is a very bright and slever specimen of their race, and he speaks the English language with an accuracy which fairly startles you, coming from his strongly typical face. Wong is rather busy just now, having, besides the general interests of Chinamen to look out for, a special mission to smash Denis Kearney, who, some people may not know, is now raging up and down Manhattan sland like a roaring sand lotter, seeking what Chinamen he may devour. At least that seems to be the impression of some of the Chinamen. They were unusually suspicious and suiky yesday, and all totally struck dumb, so far as the English language is concerned, when an effort was made to obtain access to the Confucio-Christian place of worship. But Wong Chin Foo explained this:

"You see, ever since the Kearney came around," he said, "our people are suspecting ne of his games every moment. Some of his emissaries actually have been prowling about among the Chinese within a few days trying to nose out something to make a fuse ut, and the Chinamen now think everybody who takes any special interest in their haunts a Kearney emissary in disguise."

But when this suspicion is removed it is easy pean't matter how cold the weather is, or how conerally disagreeable it is, the sidewalks of lott street and the roadway itself are always filled with Chinamen. The ability of these inresting additions to our society to stand ook still wherever they happen to stop, and whatever position they happen to stop, and stock still wherever they happen to stop, and whatever position they happen to stop, and to rest there like so many pegs set up and waiting to be moved, is one of the reparkable characteristics of their race. You have to make your way through great numbers of these indiscriminately scattered figures, who always seem as though a slight jar would jostle them over, and when you get to the steps of No. 18 you find generally a group of them staying patiently just where they seem to have been put. The steps are winding, irregular, and uneven, and on one ide there is no hand railing, and nothing but your own caution to prevent your timbiling. side there is no hand railing, and nothing but your own caution to prevent your tumbling over into a shallow little areaway. When the weather is anything little fine, there is generally a Chinaman sitting on the top of these stops in a chair which ecems to have got there by accident. He is a fat and a shiny-faced Chinaman, and his oblique little eyes are staring off into a dreamy vacancy. Not the slightest intimation that he is aware of your existence does he give you as you stumble up the crooked stens to him. His intelligence, so far as the linglish language is concerned, is as utterly blank as his sleek face. When spoken to he merely turns his lazy eyes upon you as though you were a part of the street scenary and he sotleed you as such, but the interest he took in you was so very moderate as to be hardly



JOSS IN NEW YORK CITY. through broad sliding doors, which were thrown



THE CHAPEL AND OPIUM ROOM, scription in large gilt ten-box characters on a background of green, and this inscription, be-ing interpreted, reads:

To the right of the doorway, on a strip of red a foot wide, and reaching from the celling to the floor, is the inseription, also in Chinese characters, of course:

THE HOLY WRITINGS AS THEY APPEARED BEFORE
MYRIADS OF PROPER.
On the left side of the doorway on a similar
strip of bright red is this: AND HE SHALL CONTINUE FOREVERMORE TEROUGH THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF YEARS.

TREOFER TROUBANDS AND TROUBANDS
OF IEARS.

The effect of this little pagan temple of worship as seen from the front room is dramatic and picturesque. The room is jealously darkened, the rear windows being not only painted, but covered with thick curtains. On the floor is a thick Brussels carpet of a large, sombre, red and black figure. Ranged along each side of the wall are rows of large square-backed chairs of a black polished wood as hard as fron, and richly carved in grotesque designs. The walls are handsomely papered, and from the celling close to the doorway hang two great pagoda-like lanterns.

But the central glory of all is of course the massive glided shrine of the mighty kwan Goon, before whom all good Chinamen, even those who are Christianized, stand with rever-



THE SHRIME.

ence. The altar table is of the same black fron-like wood as the chairs—that is, so much of it as is of wood. Its general effect is a glittering mass of gold and silver. The front is a solid piece of figures in relief, all of gold, and forming a series of allegories.

The first group in the upper left-hand corner represents Industry. A laborer is leading a donkey into the fields, and astride the donkey is a pudgy dlump of gold which is supposed to represent a noy. Near by is another laborer, and he is leading still another clumpy boy by the hand, much against the young gentleman's wishes. One of Mr. George's land monopolists is sitting in the doorway of his house, looking with grim indifference upon this touching scene of reluctance to work for a living.

Then after this allegory is the allegory of Wisdom. A sage is seated by a stream engaged in the peaceful occupation of fishing, and as he fishes he pulls his long, flowing beard and lectures to a number of awe-strick-en persons, who seem to be taking in all his stories about the fish he has caught as solid gospel truths. Below all this, and reaching clear across the alter front, is a scene from some weird and incomprehensible Chin se drama, with distressed-looking ladies, severe-looking armored parties on horseback, and a full line of supernumeraries. All this work is protected from injury by a wire sceen, which is taken down during the religious ceremonies.

On the altar there is a quaintly shaped silver incense urn, surmounted by a glided dragon, the identical sacred this Lin who is supposed to have been present at the birth of the



being nearly three Back of this altar, which stands out about three feet from the wall, and on the wall itself, is the mighty Kwan Goon himself, the original Joss and heaven god. At his right is his body guard, a swarthy-looking person, suggestive of an Anarchist in one of his more frantic moods, and at his left is a bland and

tend the Middletown trip, and that the sconer of Tien set out for there the better.

If the pieces of wood had fallen flat side down, said the interpreter, it would have been a very bad omen, and Ju Tien would have thought before he went on his journey. If one had fallen flat side up and the other flat side down, it would have meant that the chances of a lacky journey were just about even.

But Ju Tien waen't satisfied with one assurance of good luck, and wanted another. On the siter in a jar were a hundred or more thin sticks about eight inches long and a quarter of an inch wids. Ju Tien went up to this jar and muttering soms more prayers, closed his eyes and took one of the sicks from the jar at random. On each of the sicks inscribed a number, and in a book of fate, which is one of the joes house properties, there is set opposite each of the numbers on the sticks a prophecy. The prophecies are a little after the Bunsby, if-sobe-as-how, why-not? order of predictions, and

JU TIEN ASES ADVIOR.

Ju Tien went away in no manner discouraged as to his proposed journey. Both he and wys Jap todded out of the room quite radiant, wheeling and whining in the most social way, and swen forgetting to bestew any more score on the stray reporters of the Lun Gee Tong Society." exhising these rooms. But a Chisaman rarely makes any move of importance without going through that ceremony to see how it is going though that ceremony to see how it is going to come out. As Ju Tien did there, they burn a few joss sticks to pay it wan for his trouble, and go away quite astisfied with the result.

It was the day that the new shrine was dedicated, about a fortingint ago, that the curious spectacle of Christian and Fagan services in the same. The was some objection at first to the part of the orthodox Chinamen to letting the Christian services go on in the club room after the Joss had been installed there, but they were voted down, and accepted the result with a good grace. There are a hundred or more Chinamen in the society who profess Christianity, and Show Shin, the missionary, has been giving them Sunday School lessons and boiding religious services in the Lun Gee Tong Society dedication of the new Joss shrine occurred a weak ago last Sunday, and other of gilded brown paper which Kwan is invited to believe is lawful money of the republic offered up in his honor. As it coats about ten cents a bushel there is practically no limit to the generosity with which the Chinamen lavish it upon him; and if "green goods" pass current in his celestial abode he got enough on the dedicatory Sunday, and of the services in the Lun Gee Tong Society defined there is practically no limit to the generosity with which the Chinamen lavish it upon him; and if "green goods" pass current in his celestial abode he got enough on the dedicatory Sunday, so he will have been here is talk of importing a regular priest from China corfor the tolony of China which is no San Francisco. There is now no Buddhist priest in New York, the few who have been here is t

and there the Chinese city among its conduction and there the Chinese city among its conductions in business and arming signs and portents. On great occasions the Chinese clonating case there, and visiting statesmen from the Celestial kindom are levited there to burn a social joss stick. Between the carved black chairs there rise little square tables on an action of the conduction of the case of the

cemeteries at Evergreens. One of these con-

tune tellers, nine doctors, and four well-filled cemeteries at Evergreens. One of these contains at least 300 Chinamen, all of whom died within the past two years. The second largest of the quartet is probably that of the Lun Gee Tong Benevolent Society. It contains about 200 dead. The other two are comparatively new, and have plenty of rooms to let. In all, the dead population of our New York Chinamen is estimated at about 500. Thus far the mortality among the Chinese here has been much greater than that of any other race among us. The nine Chinese physicians attribute this mortality to their peculiar diet, the hard climate, and the nature of the work most of them are compelled to follow, meaning the laundry and clearmaking business. Over 75 per cent. of these deaths have been that of consumption.

In the opinion of most of these doctors half of the Chinese here would have been dead or dying were it not for the reason that most of them eat American food in place of the expenpenive groceries imported out of China. It is also noted that the majority of the deaths during the past year have been the floating population of the Chinese colony who were fond of living in the several Chinese restaurants on Mott street, where is supplied every variety of foods of Chinese origin produced upon Chinese soil, and only suitable for people living in that peculiar climate. Living now in a harder climate, they are advised by their physicians to eat harder and more nutritious food. Opium emoking in a mild form is likewise advocated as a preventive to the many dangers of a strange climate, as, with only about a dozen exceptions, the death surfers are almost like the Chinese themselves—"they all look olike." None of them is more than two feet high by one wide, Stuck at the foot of each little mound large black firecracker latters are out upon them, indicating the name, are, and birthplace of each decased, so that in future, should friends wish and be able to beve these pones takes to Chinese chemselves.

tims were Detective Captains William Hulligan and Henry Hoehn, old and faithful memhers of the Cleveland police force. Hulligan was riddled with bullets and pounded over the head with an iron coupling pin. receiving injuries from which he died a few days Hoehn was shot in three places and also pounded to insensibility, but, after being laid up for a month in a Cleveland hospital, almost miraquiously recovered.

The affair had its origin in a burglary which was committed in Cleveland a week before. On the night of Jan. 29 the hat and fur store of Benedict & Ruedy was entered by burglara, and thirty-four sealskin garments and thirtysix plush cloaks were stolen. The burglary was a bold one and a skilful one, and was at once recognized as the work of experts. It was learned within a day or two that on the night of the burglary three men got on a Cleveland and Pittsburgh train at Bedford, a little station a few miles below Cleveland, and had with them two trunks. The description of one of them tallied with that of Mattiew, alias "Harry" McMunn, a well-known burglar. Detective Hullgan learned that McMunn was in Pittsburgh, and he and Capt, Hoshn went there to arrest him. This they accomplished on Feb. 3, and with their prisoner started for home on the night train which leaves Pittsburgh at 11 o'clock and reaches Cleveland about 5 in the morning. The prisoner (McMunn) was tightly handcuffed to Detective Hulligan. Hulligan and his prisoner took seats in the smoking car, and Capt, Hoshn took a seat immediately behind them. The car was well filled with through passengers. was a bold one and a skilful one, and was at

and Capt. Hosin took a seat immediately behind them. The car was well filled with through passengers.

At a little after 3 o'clock in the morning the train reached Ailiance. Alliance is the junction station of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh and Pittsburgh, Fort Wayns and Chicago Railways. A train on the latter road left Pittsburgh a little before the 11 oclock train on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh left, and it reached Alliance a corresponding number of minutes ahead of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh train. It brought with it as passengers two quiet-looking, decently-dressed men, who left it at Alliance and waited until the Cleveland and Pittsburgh train came. These men bought tickets for Bavenna and took the Cleveland and Pittsburgh train. They took seats in the ladies' car, just back of the smoker. In the smoker there was a third man, whom Capt. Hoehn remembered as having stared very hard at him as he was walking on the streets of Pittsburgh the afternoon before. This man, after the train left Ailiance, came and sat in the seat in front of the one in which were Hulligan and his prisoner. Both desectives were wide awake, but

loud, clear voice identified him as one of Huillgan's murderess. Capt. Hoshin testified:
All of a sudden I was struck on the back and side of
the head. The next thing I knew I had hold of a man,
had him around he neck and hold of his moustache.
He bit my finger, giving me intense pain. I was choking
him with my left hand. The man who had hold of me
add: "i-d-d-n it, he is getting the best of me." Another
man turned around. The two had a little conversation.
I saw something white about eight or piles inches long
with the same the same that the same that of the solor
forches with terribis force over my right eye. I now
discovered I had hold of the old man whom I had seen
in the ladies' car, and who ant down in front of Huiligae
and the prisoner. After the first blow I felt myself going
over. I was up again in a moment and found the old
man still had hold of me. I had my revolver in hand and
was bleeding very freely. I was yet down on the
floor, and, turning around, saw a lump of men
where Mulitani had been sixting. I rese up and fired my
revolver in that direction. Two or three shots were
then tree times; one shot were up and the my
were gone I threw up, my bands and said: "Oh, my
god is there no bein?" I than saw the id man about
ten fact from me levelling a revolver at me. I sank
down, and knew anothing until I found myse fin the bageage oar. I saw Huiligan with his head hanging down.
Huiligan gave a most hearirending cry, and that is the
last I saw of poor Huiligan. I heard the cries. "Let
your man out "several times. After I rad arrested ble
Minn in Aliecheny I was passing atoun the attract in alscript Mr. Hutchins. was bleeding very freely. I was not down on the floor and, turning around as w a lump of men where Huiligan had been sitting. I rose up and freed my revolver in that direction. Two or three shots were then fired at me I kept on fring. I feel that I was hit I was shot three times; one shot went into my arm engianced and merely grazed my arm and the other went into my sig. The ball is still iner. Where all my shot down and knew nothing until I found my see fin the bary gray car. I saw itsligan with his head hanging down. Builigan gave a most hearirouding cry. and that is the least saw of poor fluiding. I heard the crise. Tiss your man out? several times. After I rad arrested Me Minon in Allegheny I was passing along the street in the same time after I had passed. I turning around at the same time after I had passed. I turning around at the same time was the man I had the struggles with in the car.

"Have you ever seen that man since?" including the same than it was enough. I saw plainty It was the man I had the struggles with the there; the same than it was enough. I saw plainty It was the man I had the struggles with the car.

"Buy you advised the red-headed gentleman to typ beef,"

"The red-headed gentleman is stomach. A waiter's life is not a very his atomach. A waiter's life is not a very input my to the struggle with in the car.

"Have you ever seen that man since?" including the same than in the struggles with the head waiter he leads all the generous patrons to our tables, and If we are not it is a more stroke of good fortune If we generous patrons to our tables, and If we are not it is a more stroke of good fortune If we generous patrons to our tables, and If we are not it is a more stroke of good fortune If we generous patrons to our tables, and If we are not it is a more stroke of good fortune If we generous patrons to untable, and If we are not it is a more stroke of good fortune If we generous patrons to the struggles with the same time of the struggles with the same time of the waiters make from \$2 t

BLINKY MORGAN'S CRIME.

SEE RECORT RESOUR OF A FELLOW GRIENTAL IN A GROWDING CAR.

SHIRING THE A GROWDING CAR.

A Tewn in a Fanier The Leng Hust and Final Capture—Guilty of Marches.

RAYERMA, O, Nor. 3.—The deed for which Charles alias "Blisky," Morgan has just been convicted of murder in the first decrees. and for which he will undoubtedly be hanced, was one of the most dariag rescues of a string thrule murder of an officer and the attendant by his pals, accompanied as fit was by the brutal murder of an officer and the attendant by his pals, accompanied as fit was by the brutal murder of an officer and the attendant by the pals, accompanied as fit was by the brutal murder of an officer and the attendant by his pals, accompanied as fit was by the brutal murder of an officer and the attendant by his pals, accompanied as fit was by the brutal murder of an officer, were fixed the state of the department of the murder of accompanied and the state of the state o

MOCKED BY A MOUNTAIN LION.

Maying Gorred Simself with Poisoned Door. the Beng Winked Upon his Pursuers. In the Cestral Park menagerie is a magnificent specimen of the cougar, or mountain lion. The other afternoon two gentlemen stood by the cage watching the graceful animal as it restlessly moved from one end of the cage to the other with rythmatical precision. "Last winter," said one, "I was 'hooting in the Sierrs Tara Nate Mountains, in Mexico. where, from the signs and tracks in the sand-bottomed caffons, these animals were very abundant At night one would sit upon the mesa abore our camp and give out hymns for the coyous to sing. It was an unearthly yell that mad the gooseflesh come on the top of your heat, and led you to even wish to be back in the land of hand organs. My guide, Jack Bridges, who used to be with Custer, would sit

up in hisblankets and say: 'Go it when you

can, for we are going to do you up.' "For days we looked for the home of the lion. and, although we could see his footprints, which appeared like very big fours of clubs. he did so much rock walking that it was impossible to rack him to his cave. One day we met a Mexican smuggling outfit, and the Captain old us hat in a cafion several miles from our camp tiere was a hermit lion, whom he never failed to get a glimpse of when taking the trail that way. For years back he had missed seeing him, but of late he had noticed that the lion was lane, probably from having run a cactus point into his foot, or from jumping too much out of the way of earthquakes. The smuggler described so accurately where the

amuggler described so accurately where the lion hung out that we went over there the next morring hoping to get a shot.

"The canon was just about the worst place you yer saw. The bottom was a jungle of scrup live oak, so dense that we had to craw on our hands and knees in many places. The sides were volcanic rook, jagged and broken with holes and crevices. Jack was on shead and it his heels when we came is on the with the lion, who was slitting in the mouth of his axe trying to stare us out of countenance. He gave one scratch, and then his long tail disappeared around the corner of a big bouler just as we got sight of him. Neither had a chance to shoot. Half a minute later we saw him go limping up the side of the divide, and when he reached the too he squatted and looked complacently down at us. He was provokingly out of shot, and he knew it as well as we did.

when he reached the ton he squatted and locked complexently down at us. He was proved the complexently down at us. He was proved ingly out of shot, and he knew it as well as we did.

Then began one of the most scientific hunts or record. We were both as mad as hornets. Up hill and down dale we followed that brute until dark. He was never over 1,000 yards avay, but never in shot. He would run, and limp, and squat, blink at us, wiggle his tail at us, and seem to coax us to follow him. Eleven niles we went in a bee line from camp, and it took us until next morning to get back. We then set to work to put up a job on that ilon. We went over to the cañon where he lived, killed a white-tailed deer, took his paunels, and trailed it in a circle around the cañon. The carcase we then hung high up on a limb, five feet out from the trunk. Then we cut up the deer's liver into thirteen baita, for luck, and dosed each with strychnine. We also rubbed the poison into the paunch, which we left at the bottom of the tree.

"We smiled as we walked back to camp, and Jack told me of an Apache Indian over at Montezuma mining camp who would tan the lion's hide with deer's brains for \$1. I kent swake that night for two hours, thinking whom I would give it to, or if I would keep it myself. About sunrise we struck the lion's cañon. When we sot pear the deer tree, but we didn't. He had been there, though. He had eaten up the thirteen poisoned baits, got away with some of the paunch, climbed up the tree, stretched himself out, and canen hunks as big as Derby hats out of the der's carcase.

We spent the day in looking for the dead lion, but could not find him. When we turned to go home we suddenly spied his nibs squatting down on top of the divide winking at us. At El Paso I told a merchant tils story, and showed him what was left of the poison. He said that the strychnine we had bought from the smughlers was only a kind of flour, of which a barrelful would not fize a chicken, and that he ought to know, for Ie put up the stuff himself.

Why the Watter Gave Tough Boof to the

One of the best waiters in a well-known down-town restaurant attended to the wants of a reporter on Thursday with a discouraged air. He spoke slightingly of the beef, and feelingly remarked that he couldn't recommend anything except the salads. A choieric gentleman sat near the reporter, and the latter was astonished to hear the waiter advise him to try roast beef. In the restful pause that always waits upon the cofee the waiter was

him frequently, but this is expensive, and few of us can afford it. It is to our advantage of course to lose the customers who do not tip us, and I could spare the red-headed gentleman without a pang.

HE SAYS HE HAS KILLED AND TRAPPED

HIS RLOQUENCE MOVED HER.

Miss Situgorland was Forced to Pity the Tramp she Found Under her Bed. SCHANTON, Nov. 2 .- Miss Celida Blinger and is the oldest daughter of Farmer Warren Slingerland of Benton township. She is about 22 years old, handsome, healthy, strong, and brave. Mr. Blingeriand's farmhouse stands on a knoll near the main road, and Miss Slingerland's sleeping room is on the first floor ad-joining the parior. Last Friday the weather was mild, and the window of her bedroom was left open until she went there to retire. At put down the window, and had partially dis robed, when a strong smell of tobacco in the room caused her to look under the bed. She

about 9 o'clock she entered the room alone, put down the window, and had partially disrobed, when a strong smell of tobacco in the room caused her to look under the bed. She saw a dirty tramp lying there, with his face toward her. She did not scream but said:

"You rescal, you, what are you doing here?"

The tramp hustled out without answering and made for the window, and the plucky young woman threw her bare arms around his dirty neck and yelled for help. He struggled to get the window up, but Miss Bilingerland held him there until her tather and two brothers rushed through the unlocked door and relieved her of her disagreeshle charge. They thumped him around pretty lively for a minute or two and made him beg for his life, and then Miss Bilingerland ecared them not to burt him. James, the older son, suggested that they should give the intruder a sound horsewhipping and let him go; but Mr. Bilingerland would not agree to that, and immediately sent his younger son. Eugens, over to Justice Thompson's to get out a warrant for the tramp's arrest.

It was it o'clock before Constable Chase arrived with the warrant, He took the tramp into Mr. Slingerland's kitchen and sat up all night with him, the tramp getting a good deal more sleep than the constable. Early on Saturday morning Mr. Slingerland hitched his team to his big three-seated wagon, and with Miss Slingerland and himself in the front seat, the two sons and the hirsed mas in the middle seat, and the constable and tramp in the rear seat, he drove over to the Justice's.

The tramp was arraigned on the charge of being a sneak burglar, and Miss Slingerland told the story of how she had found him under her bed. Mr. Slingerland and the sons made statements, and then Justice Thompson asked the prisoner if he wished to say anything. He faced the magistrate as if he was going to plead for mercy, but he did nothing of the kind. "Your Honor," he said, "I have given you my name as David Kenyon, harm to this beautiful young lady. In all in my travels I have nown the summer

reverent act, for which he (the appointed had to pay the sum of \$4.50 result; The case was a favor of the resonance of the re

MORE THAN 400 BEARS. Mis Munting Ground in the Pocone Ranges

-The Story that Bears Go into Hens and Sleep Through the Winter a Ffetion-A Farmer's Tussie with a Bear in his Yard, SCHANTON, Nov. 5 .- Bear hunters in the Pocons, Tobyhanna, Gouldsborro, and Spring Brook regions say that there are quite as many bears this fall as there were ten or fifteen years ago, if you only knew where to look for them. In the vast marshes and swamps that extend from Tobyhanna clear down to the headwaters of the Lehigh River and Trout Run, and on the scrub oak-covered ridges and among the numerous ledges that intervene, bears find secure hiding places and an abundance of both animal and vegetable food. Hunters who are familiar with this barren and desolate region of northwestern Pennsylvania, which divides the waters of the Susquehanna River and the Delaware, and which extends from the anthracite coal de-posits for forty miles to the east, say that the land is so worthless that it will always, be a home for the festive bear. Nothing can be done with the immense swamps, and the sou of the uplands is so thin and poor that nothing but scrub oaks and little runts of hemlocks will grow on it. Therefore it is safe to say that bears will thrive there until several generations of men have come and gope. The natives are the best bear hunters in this interesting region, and among them Giles Lamp-

man is altogether the most successful.

Giles was born in the western part of Monros county 67 years ago, and he has hunted bear from Pokono Knob all through the Pocono ranges clear to Glen Summit, and the Nescopeck region, and he knows more about the nature and habits of the bear than any other man in that region. For two hours the other day Giles talked to the writer about his experi-

ence in the spruce forests and laurel swamps, and his talk was very entertaining. "The first bear I ever killed," said Giles, "was on the day that James K. Polk was elected President. That was forty-three year ago, but I remember it a plaguey sight plainer'n I do a good many things that've happened sence. Polk was the first President I ever voted fur. an', seein' that I killed my fust bear on that day, why shouldn't I remember it? I wasn't old 'nough to vote in '40, but I was in '44, an' I voted airly, an' then went bear huntin' long with Zene Seaver. Me'n Zene'd heerd some one say that two or three bear'd been seen over on the Deer Run slope, an' we took a couple of doge an' went over there right after dinner. It w'an't much trouble in them days to rout up a bear, 'cause they didn't hide as much as they do now, an' 'fore we'd been out an hour, the dogs got into a tussie with an ole he one an' got the wust of it. By the time I reached the place where they was fightin', the bear'd killed one of the dogs an' ruined 'coher, an' I shot him down as he was makin' fur the swamp. He was a whopper, an' I was a proud teller fur a week. Wal, that give me a taste for bear huntin', an' I killed meuby a duzen that winter. It don't seem as though that was more'n forty year ago."

reliew to jail. I am satisfied he did not intend to linjure me, and, so long as he did no particular harm in the house, I beg you not to imprison him. I am sure he is not a very bad man, so please let him go, won't you?"

Miss Slinzeriand's father and brothers were provoked at her for this, but she said she would not appear again. I see a see the provoked at her for this, but she said she would not appear again. I see a see the man had been punished enough already.

"I'm going to do just as the girl wants me to discharge this fellow. I'm going to discharge this fellow. I'm going to discharge him, Mr. Thompson."

"Blease do discharge him as long as he lived.

AN INTERESTING CHURCH CASE.

A Man Fined for Irrevvence in Kneeling en Osiy One Knee Suce to Recever.

"Press the Essan Breata.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 1.—One of the most extraordinary cases that has ever come up before the Supreme Court of the Dollinon has just the highest tribunal in the realm before it is single post of it. Involves the question of right of the Roman Carbolic Church to exact or collect fines from members of the congress."

The case at issue is that of Poitras agt. Lebeau. The suit arose out of the replace of the congress of the church.

The case at issue is that of Poitras agt. Lebeau. The suit arose out of the replace of the congress with the highest tribunal in the respondent for baving instigated proceedings charging the appellant to kneel ou both knees within the respondent for baving instigated proceedings charging the appellant to kneel ou both knees warrand the subject of the respondent.

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